

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 8.]

AUGUST, 1858.

[PRICE 1½d.

THE MIST OVER THE VALLEY.

WORDS FOR THE UNMARRIED.

From *Harper's Magazine*.

My wife was dead. I had never loved her—I may as well speak frankly—never loved her; and yet for her sake I cast away the one priceless pearl of my life. I think every human existence has its moment of fate. And yet we seek no counsel.—We stretch forth our hands and grasp blindly at the future, forgetting that we have only ourselves to blame when we draw them back pierced sorely with thorns.

My life, like all others, had its hour of destiny; and it is of that hour, its perils, its temptations, its sin, that I am about to tell you.

I had known Bertha Payson from my infancy. She was only a year younger than I. I can remember her face, far away back among the misty visions of my boyhood. It looked then, as it does now, pure and pale, yet proud. Her eyes were calm as a full lake underneath the summer moon, deep as the sea—a clear, untroubled gray. Her hair was soft, and smooth, and dark. She wore it plainly banded away from her large, thoughtful forehead. The pure yet healthful white of her complexion contrasted only with her eyes, her hair, her clearly defined arching eyebrows, and one line of red marking the thin, flexible lips. It was relieved by no other trace of color, even in the cheeks.

I have not painted for you a beauty, yet I think now that Bertha Payson had the noblest female face my eyes ever rested on.

Her figure was tall, and lithe, and slender; her voice clear, low and musical. From my earliest boyhood she had seemed to me like some guardian saint, pure

enough for worship, but, for a long time I had thought, not warm enough for love.

She was twenty before I began to understand her better. I had just graduated at college, and I came home—perhaps a little less dogmatic and conceited than the majority of newly-fledged A.B.'s—full of lofty aspirations, generous purposes, and romantic dreams. I was prepared to fall in love, but I never thought of loving quiet Bertha Payson, my next neighbor's daughter. The ideal lady of my fancy was far prettier—fairer creature, with the golden hair and starry eyes of Tennyson's dream—an

"Airy, fairy Lillian,
Flitting, fairy Lillian."

And yet, in the mean time, I looked forward with pleasure to Bertha's companionship. To talk with her always brought out "the most of Heaven I had in me."

There was nothing in art or nature so glorious that it did not take new glory when the glances of her eye kindled over it. My mind never scaled any height of lofty purpose or heroic thought which her far-reaching soul had not conquered before me, and so the best purposes of my life grew better and stronger in the serene atmosphere of her approval.

Thus it came about that we were daily together. I passed the largest portion of every day in her presence.—she was an early riser, and often, even before the summer sunrise, I went through the narrow path and little wicket gate, which divided our garden from hers, to persuade her to join me in a ramble in the delicious morning twilight.

There was one scene of which we never tired. I have never seen it anywhere but in Ryerfield. In the valley the mist rises so blue and dense that, from the hills overtopping it at a mile's distance, it looks like some strange inland sea, whereupon, per-

chance, Curtis's *Flying Dutchman* might take his long and wonderful cruise, or a phantom *Maid of the Mist*, sailing at dawn out of some silent cove, might cut the phantom sea with or phantom keel, and go back with the sunrise into silence and shadows.

On one of those o'ertopping hills Bertha and I watched the slow coming of many a summer morning. It was in one of these enchanted hours that I first learned that a woman's heart, strong and passionate as it was pure, slumbered beneath the calm reticence of her external life.

We had been watching, as usual, the sea of mist, and speculating idly about the phantom bark and its strange crew. Then we stood silent for a moment, Bertha looking out over the mist and I looking at her dilating eyes, growing so large, so solemn, so full of thought. At last she turned with a sudden motion—

"Who would think, Frank, to see this prospect now, that underneath this seeming sea lay smiling the greenest and loveliest valley? I was thinking how like it was to some human existences—men and women whose outward life is a vail denser and more impenetrable than the mist over the valley, screening the throbbing, passionate, yet silent heart from human vision. And yet there comes a time when the veiled heart will assert itself. See, the sun is rising now; the mist looks like a soundless sea no longer; it is beginning to curl away in golden wreaths; soon we shall see the fair valley, with its three white houses, its waving trees, and its little beck of bright waters. Some time, even thus, from all proud hearts the mist will roll goldenly away, and we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known—if not here, there."

She paused, and I looked at her inspired face. I did not wish to break the silence which followed her words. I started and led the way down the steep hill. After a little I looked around to see if the same morning sunrise still lingered in her eyes.

I caught my foot, in some incautious step, against the roots of a tree from which the spring rains had washed away the earth. I was thrown headlong and violently to the ground. I was stunned for a moment. My first sensation of returning consciousness was a pleasant one. I felt Bertha's cool hand upon my forehead. She

had run swiftly to a neighbouring spring, and, with quick presence of mind, had saturated her handkerchief and mine, and now she was bathing my brow with the water. I did not open my eyes at first. It was so pleasant to lie there and receive her gentle ministrations. At length I felt her place her ear close to my lips. By a resolute effort I held my breath. I wished to try her. She did not shriek or moan, only, as if against her will, a single cry, low and sorrowful, escaped her—

"Oh, Frank, darling, darling!"

I slowly opened my eyes and met hers. There was a look in them I have never in any other women's before or since seen. Then I knew that Bertha Payson could love; that she did love me with a love that not one woman in ten thousand could even understand. I saw that underneath the marble heart, passionate women's heart, was a flame; but it was flame as pure as the heaven-kindled fires on the altar of the God of the Hebrews. I knew that she loved me, and, in the same moment, I knew that with all the might of my heart I loved her—that she alone was the one woman to whom mind and soul could do homage and say, "I have found my queen." but I did not speak of love then. I know she must have read my glance as I had read hers; but she only said, very quietly, "Thank God that you are alive. I must leave you now to see about getting some one to take you home."

"No, I can walk, if you will help me."

I made the effort, but I could not rise. The least attempt to move caused me such exquisite pain that I began to think my injuries must be severe. I said, reluctantly,

"I am very sorry, Bertha. I shall have to let you go. I see it is impossible for me to walk."

She drew a light summer shawl from her shoulders and arranged it so as to make the position in which my head was lying a little easier. Then she tripped away, and, lying there, I watched, half dreamily, her light figure go out of sight down the hill-side. The time of her absence seemed to me very short.—Except when I attempted to move I felt little pain, and never had my soul been so flooded with happiness. I loved Bertha—I was beloved by her. I felt too weak to speculate about the future. I only rejoiced in the present.

Soon Bertha returned with the village doctor and two or three sturdy assistants.

Arranging a hastily-constructed litter they started to bear me down the hill. At the first jolt the motion caused me intense pain. With a longing for sympathy, I stretched out my hand. Bertha understood me, and laid her own in it; and so with her walking beside me, I was borne home. No bones had been broken by my fall. My injuries were all internal, though not dangerous; but my convalescence was long and tedious. In all this time Bertha was like an angel of light. She shared with my mother the labour of nursing me. She read to me, sang to me; or, when I liked it better, sat by me in silence. It was six weeks before I was again able to walk out; but in all this time we had never spoken of love. With all my soul I worshipped her; but my passion was too reverent for light or hasty utterance. I resolved to wait until I could stand with her again upon the hill-top where I had first read my heart's answer in her eyes.

When at length I could go out, my first visit was made to Dr. Green. He had been so kind and so attentive, he seemed to take so much pride in his success, that I could not refuse his invitation to take my first walk to his house, and drink a cup of tea with his wife and a friend she had staying with her. It is with this friend only that my story has to do.

God knows I did not willingly put myself in the way of temptation. How could I tell that, sitting that summer afternoon in Dr. Green's quiet parlor, I should find a Circe?

"Miss Ireton," the Doctor's deep, sonorous voice as I entered the room, and before me rose a young slight figure, robed in white, with roses on her bosom, roses on her cheek, roses in her golden hair that lay in long ringlets upon her dainty shoulders, and clustered around her proud little head. Her eyes were bright and full of smiles; dimples played at hide-and-seek among her cheeks' roses; her lips were full and red, and her complexion wonderfully clear, with a quick-changing colour, infinitely charming. Nellie Ireton was indeed beautiful. Sometimes—even now, out of the darkness of death and the grave—that face rises up to me, and I see her stand before me once more, in all her witching loveliness as she stood that

summer afternoon. If you had seen her then you would have thought she was immortal—that death and change could never come to that form of grace, those eyes of light.

Miss Ireton was a practical flirt. It was not in the nature of things that any man could love her as reverently as I loved Bertha. She could not have comprehended Bertha's self-abnegation, her heroism, her entire freedom from all vanity, all desire for triumph. And yet her dominion over the senses was absolute. I was a born worshipper of beauty. I could not help admiring the airy grace of her movements, the sparkling changes of her face, the smiles which hovered so archly about her lips. Days passed, and no fly was ever more hopelessly entangled in a spider's net than I in the meshes of her golden hair. At first I could see that Bertha was simply incredulous and astonished, then a wild trouble began to darken the clear gray of her eyes. All this time I loved her. A single tone of her voice had more power over my highest nature than all the enchantments of the other; and yet I could not break away from the fatal spell that bound me. My senses were intoxicated—steeped in delirium by the Circe. Can you comprehend the enigma? Its solution involves the history of many a man's marriage besides my own.

Just at the right time Miss Ireton brought a new competitor into the field. In a young law-student then visiting in the place I found a rival. Nellie was a good tactician. She played us off against each other most adroitly, until we were each inspired with all a gamester's eagerness to win. Bertha had now withdrawn herself from my society almost altogether. Indeed I seldom visited her; but when I did I only saw her in the presence of her mother. Every evening I passed at Dr. Green's. At last, in one fatal hour, I found Miss Ireton alone. I proposed and was accepted. So far had my madness lasted; but when I heard her faltering "Yes," when the golden head sunk with fully as much triumph as tenderness upon my shoulder, when I would have pressed the kiss of betrothal upon her lips, a cold shudder ran through all my veins. I closed my eyes for a moment, in the struggle to regain my self-command, and there before

my closed eyes, I saw Bertha stand as she stood *that* morning. I saw her pale, wrapt face, her eyes dilated with thought, fixed on the mist over the valley. I heard her inspired voice—

"Some time, even thus, from all proud hearts the mist will roll goldenly away, and we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known."

My betrothed was speaking; I roused myself to listen.

"I liked you the very first time I saw you, Mr. Osborne; and I meant to make you like me. You see I thought it would be more difficult, for Dr. Green told me you were more than half in love with that pale, proud, Bertha Payson, and I meant to see if I couldn't make you fancy me in spite of all."

"You succeeded only too well, little charmer."

There was a mournful truth in my answer, which her light heart did not penetrate. I do think Nellie loved me, or as she said liked me, as well as she was capable of liking. Her freely expressed preference was fully sincere. I should have a true wife, as the world reckons truth; and yet in God's sight, I should be unmarried still. We *two* could never be made *one*. I made haste to announce my engagement. I hurried the preparations for my nuptials. I felt that my only safety would lie in leaving Ryefield as soon as possible. Now that the excitement of the love-chase was over, and the young law-student had subsided into the quiet friend of my affianced, I could not conceal from myself that I had set the seal to my own mad folly, and condemned myself to an eternal, yet un-availing despair. I carefully avoided any opportunity of seeing Bertha. I would not have dared to trust myself in her presence.

It was the day before my bridal. So far had I traversed my path of thorns. I rose early and went out of doors. One more walk I would have to the hill where the knowledge of Bertha's love had come to me—down whose slopes I had been borne with her hand in mine. It was September, but it had been a cool, damp summer, and the verdure along the hill-side was still fresh as June. I climbed it rapidly. When I was within a few rods of its summit I looked up. A tall, slight

figure was clearly defined against the sky. Should I go on? Dared I meet Bertha then and there? I answered these questions to myself by climbing on silently and quickly. I could not help it.

In five minutes I stood by Bertha's side. She had not heard my approach. Proud woman as she was, she had not been too proud to weep. The tears glittered heavily on her long lashes. She made no vain attempt to conceal them. She met my glance steadfastly.

"Bertha," I said, in choking voice, "I did not think to find you here."

"Or I you," she answered. "See, the mist lies as heavily over the valley as when we stood here last. How little the scene is changed!"

"And how much every thing else is!" I interrupted her, wildly. "Bertha, it may be madness or sin, but I must speak. I love you better than my own soul. I always did love you, but never with such passion, such despair as now. Is it too late? Must it be too late?"

She looked at me a moment in wonder, in sorrow. Her dark, searching eyes questioned me. Then her lip curled.

"Would you be twice a traitor, Frank Osborne?"

"No!" I answered impetuously. "I would but return to my only true allegiance. Nellie's pride would be wounded, but her heart would not suffer much. And you, oh! Bertha, you did love me—you do love me. Do not wreck your own life and mine."

"Frank," she said quietly, yet earnestly, "this is worse than folly, it is sin. To-morrow you will be the husband of another. What right have you to speak to me of love? True, I did love you once, but that dream is past. If you were free to-day I could not trust my happiness to your keeping. Forget me, or think of me only as a kind, well-wishing friend."

"Is there no hope, Bertha?"

"None!"

But I could not so give her up. The hour had come I had dreamed of through my long convalescence. I stood with Bertha again upon that hill-top where I had meant to tell her my love. I must plead with her a little longer. Scarcely knowing what I said, I assailed her with wild prayers. I poured out my very soul at her feet. But she only looked at me

with her dark, wistful eyes, and returned the same firm, reproachful No. At last I was silent. I saw it was of no use. I had myself cast away my pearl of great price. I must be contented hereafter with the glitter of my paste brilliant.

"Well," I said, humbly and sorrowfully enough, "I do not deserve you. You are right Bertha. But give me your hand once more, as you did that morning. Friends claim that much, Bertha."

She laid her fingers in mine. They did tremble, but they were very cold. She said, with a deep, pathetic earnestness,

"God bless you, Frank Osborne! I, who know you so well, believe that you are sincere in the words you have spoken to me this morning. But you must think such thoughts no longer. Frank, happiness only comes to us in the right. Your duty now is to Miss Ireton. Fulfil it, I conjure you. You have a woman's happiness in your keeping. You must answer to God for it. I conjure you to make her future bright. Trust nothing to her light-heartedness. I tell you no woman's heart is light enough to bear up under any want of love from the man for whom she has given up all things. Do your duty and you will find comfort even yet. Good-bye, Frank."

She turned away, and once more, as on that other morning, I watched her light figure tripping down the hill. Her step was firm. Her heart must have been strong. She did not once look back. I watched her till I could see her no longer. And then I turned and looked moodily over the valley. Already the mist had parted, and before the sun's fiery eye the valley lay unshrouded, undisguised, as our souls must stand some day before His eye at whose word the first sun rose and the last sun will set. I thought of the solemn import of Bertha's words. I had indeed a duty to do. I could lay my burden of sin and punishment on no other shoulders. It was not Nellie Ireton's fault that I had turned away from Bertha and asked her to be my wife. I owed her my life now. She should have it. I knelt upon the hill-side. I bared my forehead to the cool breeze of the September morning. I cried on to heaven for strength. I think my prayer was heard.

The next day I was married. We left Ryefield at once, and for three years I did not return there.

I do believe—thank God for this gleam of comfort—that I made Nellie happy. In her own way she was fond of me. She loved society, mirth, and fashion. She had them all. I placed no restraint upon her pleasures, though I seldom accompanied her. Often she has returned from some gay party, late at night, and found me sitting alone in my study. She would bound into my lap, at such times, with her childlike *abandon*; tell me what a fine time she had had; who had talked to her, and complimented her, and then asked with a comical air of self-satisfaction, if I was not proud of such a handsome little wife.

"You know I *am* handsome, you provoking, teasing, old fellow, now don't you?" was usually the conclusion to her harangue; and I would always give her the confirmation she coveted. Thank God, she never knew how lonely my soul was in those days—how my heart pined for companionship—how my spirit panted for a kindred spirit to share its doubts, its triumphs, its seekings after the Infinite! Thank God that the lark in the meadow was not gladder or merrier than she.

She had been my wife more than two years, when she went out one bitter cold night, with her fair neck and arms uncovered, and only an opera cloak thrown over them, as she drove to a gay party. I had remonstrated, but she had pleaded to be allowed to have her own way, and I could never bring myself to cross her in anything—I, who could never look at her without a remorseful consciousness that the heart which should have been hers only shrined in secret the image of another. I strove, by the most lavish indulgence even to her whims, to make what compensation I could for the heart devotion I could never give her, and so this night, as usual, she had her will. She did, indeed, look lovely with her azure dress falling in such graceful folds about her little figure—the golden curls just veiling but not concealing the snow of her neck, and her arms gleaming through misty lace. Most men would have been proud of her; but I had known one woman whose simple superiority to all outside decorations so far transcended all the aids of dress and fashion that I could not triumph in the mere beauty of the external.

For once the consequences of my indulgence were disastrous. That night Nellie took a severe cold. In a few days it settled upon her lungs, and then medical skill was of no avail. She grew rapidly worse, and then made her grave beneath the cold, gray sky of March. Through her illness I had been a patient nurse. She died with her head upon my bosom. With almost her last breath she told me that I had made her very happy. When I stood over her grave I mourned for her sincerely. I would have given much to call her back to life; nay, I would have been willing—life was not very precious to me—to have taken her place under the mould, so that she could have walked forth again in her youth and beauty. And yet, as weeks passed on, God, who judgeth not as men judgeth, will forgive me if a wild thrill of joy did sometimes make my heart-strings quiver when I thought of the love of my youth and remembered that I was free.

After a time I went home to Ryefield. I sought Bertha's society. At first it seemed to me that she tried to avoid me, but I persevered. I know she must have felt to the core of her heart the sincerity of my love. Would she ever again return it?

At last one night, I asked her to go with me the next morning to the hill overlooking the valley, where we had stood together so many times in other days. She consented.

We went up the hill almost in silence, and when we reached its summit we still stood silently for a time.

At length I turned to her.

"Bertha, there was a time when, as the morning mist rolled away from over the valley, the mist rolled away from your heart, and I saw its hidden treasure, your love for me. I have sinned since then; but oh, Bertha, I have suffered. I loved you first, last, always. With all the might of my soul I love you now.—Will you take me, and weave the broken threads of my life into brightness at last?"

She looked at me steadfastly and sorrowfully.

"Frank," she said, with a gentle, pitying aspect, "I came up here with you because I knew you wanted to ask me that question. I could see that you were cherishing hopes about you that I ought

not to let you cherish any longer. It is all in vain. I will be your friend, Frank, your warm, tender friend, but the day for anything more is past. There was a time when I would have gone with you to the world's end; but you yourself made my love a sin. I could not cherish it for the husband of another. Frank, I conquered it, and on earth it can have no resurrection. By the wild agony of its deaththroes I know that it is dead—dead utterly. You can never again kindle the life in its cold corpse. If you wronged me once, I forgive you. If you are unhappy, I pity you. On earth I can never have a dearer friend than you, but the flame on my heart's altar is burned to white ashes. I can never be your wife."

I looked in her clear, friendly eyes. An angel's pity softened her glance, but they were not once cast down. I could see in them no shadow of hope. I turned away from their wishful look. I uttered no more prayers. I only clasped her hand in mine, and some tears I was not ashamed to shed fell over it. Then I let her go. Once more she went down the hill alone, and I was left upon its brow to struggle with the anguish of my despair. Oh, Bertha, Bertha.

Look out my friend. From this eastern window, even now, you can see the mist rolling goldenly away from the valley. Just so, I have sometimes thought, I shall one day see it roll away from the valleys in the upper country, and perchance, the love that was dead, which I would have awakened on earth, will have its own resurrection in Heaven. God knows.

THE CALLED AND THE CHOSEN.

OUR Saviour's words, "Many are called, but few are chosen," have been strangely misunderstood by the mass of Christian believers, strangely misconstrued by theologians and professed expounders of the word. They have no reference to the final eternal condition of mankind, but were applicable to the time in which Jesus preached, and the circumstances by which he was surrounded. The construction which is put upon this passage by Calvinistic divines, is

that from all eternity, or before the creation of the world, but *few* of the human family were chosen by the Divine Mind, unto salvation. Those whom God from all eternity elected to save are, some of them, the greatest sinners of earth—the most wicked—and He was not moved to see them, because He foresaw that they would repent, believe or work righteousness, but merely because he preferred them out of principle of *partiality*—a mere arbitrary selection—and they repent, believe, are regenerated and work righteousness, *because* God elected to make them do so by the use of means. God according to Calvinism, was pleased to pass by and not elect to salvation, the “many,” or the great mass of mankind who were in character no greater sinners, no worse than those He selected to be saved. All, or the “many,” say they are called with a common calling, but with no design to save any but the elected, “few chosen” ones.

The language we have placed at the head of this article has no reference whatever to the final salvation of the soul. It is a simple indication on the part of the Saviour, that at the *then present time* when he was speaking, and with reference to the people of that age, that while “many” heard the gospel call, but “few” of the persons then living were “chosen” to be his first disciples, to become the *first* who would enter his spiritual kingdom to reign. There were but few then saved, while the great mass were walking the broad road of sin, error and destruction. But “the first shall be last, and the last first.” That is, those who are first called shall be last to enter heaven, and those who are last called shall be first to accept the call and become “the saved.” The Jews were first called, but generally, or except a small “remnant” of them, they rejected the gospel. They did not enter into the kingdom at that time. The Gentiles were last called, but first accepted the gospel and became the followers of Jesus; but finally the Jews, who were first called, shall come last into the kingdom, after the fulness of the Gentiles shall have come in before them. “For God hath concluded all in unbelief,” in the plan of salvation, “that He might have mercy upon all.”

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.

IN some good advice to consumptives, Dr. Hall, says: “Eat all you can digest, and exercise a great deal in the open air, to convert what you eat into pure healthful blood. Do not be afraid of out-door air, day or night. Do not be afraid of sudden changes of weather; let no change, hot or cold, keep you in doors. If it is rainy weather, the more need for your going out, because you eat as much on a rainy day as upon a clear day, and if you exercise less, that much more remains in the system of what ought to be thrown off by exercise, and some ill result, some consequent symptom of ill feeling is the certain issue. If it is cold out of doors do not muffle your mouth and nose in furs, and the like; nature has supplied you with the best muffler, with the best inhaling regulator that is two lips; shut them before you step out of a warm room into the cold air, and keep them shut until you have walked briskly a few rods, and quickened the circulation a little; walk fast enough to keep off the feeling of chilliness, and taking cold will be impossible. It is wonderful how afraid consumptive people are of fresh air, the very thing that would cure them, the only obstacle to a cure being that they do not get enough of it; and yet what infinite pains they take to avoid breathing it, especially if it is cold; when it is known that the colder the air is the purer it must be; yet if people cannot get to a hot climate, they will make an artificial one, and imprison themselves for a whole winter in a warm room, with a temperature not varying ten degrees in six months; all such people die, and yet we follow in their footsteps. If I were seriously ill of consumption, I would live out of doors night and day, excepting it was raining or mid winter, then I would sleep in an unplastered log house. My consumptive friends, you want *air*, not *physic*; you want pure air, not medicated air; you want nutrition, such as plenty of meat and bread will give, and they alone; *physic* has not nutriment, gaspings for air cannot cure you; monkey capers in a gymnasium cannot cure you, and stimulants cannot cure you. If you want to get well go in for *beef and out-door air*, and not to be diluted into the grave by newspaper advertisement and undefinable certifiers.”

TO THOSE COMMENCING A RELIGIOUS LIFE.

THERE is no subject of such vast importance, and on which the soul of every human being should feel so deep and lasting an interest, as on that of religion. It always gives us unspeakable pleasure to receive the hand of any fellow traveller in the journey of life and to join with us in the pathway to heaven. Our experience and that of all our fellow travellers enable us to say to all, "Come with us and we will do you good." Remember the following hints:

1. Do not expect so sudden and remarkable a change as to leave *no doubt* of its reality. Usually, there is in the Christian heart a perpetual struggle between good and evil, and thus a continual competition of evidence for and against, according as the good or evil prevails.

2. Evidence of piety is not so much to be sought in *high emotions* of any kind, as in real humility, self-distrust, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, sorrow for sin, and a continual effort, in everyday life, to regulate our thoughts, feelings, and conduct by the Word of God. It is the nature, and not the degree of our affections, which is to be regarded in the examination of our evidences.

3. Do not expect to find in your own case everything you have heard or read in the *experience of others*.

4. Do not suppose that religion is a principle of such self-preserving energy that when once implanted in the soul it will continue to thrive and increase without effort. God will not sustain and bring to maturity the word of grace without your own voluntary concurrence in the diligent use of means, more than he will cause the harvest to whiten in the field of the sluggard.

5. Do not expect to be made happy by religion unless you become eminent Christians.—The Christian may be the happiest man on earth, but he must be a faithful, active, and devoted Christian.

6. Do not make the practice and example of *other* Christians the *standard of piety* at which you aim. But look into your Bible, and see how Christians ought to live. See how the Bible says those who are Christians must live, and then if you find your Christian friends living in a different way, instead of having cause for

feeling that you may do so too, you have only cause to fear that they are deceiving themselves with the belief that they are Christians when they are not.

7. Remember that your evidence of possessing ceases when anything else has the first place in your thoughts and interests. Religion should not lessen our love for our friends, or our enjoyment of rational pleasures; but the desire to please God, in all our ways, should be the prevailing feeling of the mind.

8. Never for once, omit to read the Bible,—or some good book—with prayer. This is a most important direction which you should never, for once break through the rule. Prayer and the Bible are your anchor and your shield; they will hold you firmly in the path of duty, and protect you from temptation.

9. Attempt by your efforts and example to raise the standard of piety and activity of others.

10. Be active in promoting all benevolent objects. Make it an object to prepare to lead with propriety, when necessary, in all social devotional duties. At this period, when prayer and effort must unite in hastening the great day of the Lord, let every Christian learn to guide the devotions of others, as well as to lift up his own private supplications.

11. Remember that the principal duty of a Christian, as it respects others, is to excite them to the *immediate performance* of their religious duty. There is no Christian but can find some one mind, at least, over which he can have some influence; and if we can do anything to save others from an irreligious life, nothing should prevent our attempting it.

12. Lastly, do not be discouraged because you find you are *very deficient in every one of the particulars specified*. Remember that Christian life is a *warfare*, and that it is only at the *end* that we are to come off conquerors, and more than conquerors. When you feel your own strength and resolution failing, go to him who hath said, "My grace is sufficient for thee, and my strength shall be made perfect in weakness." Call upon him, "and he will be very gracious unto the voice of thy cry; when he shall hear it, he will answer thee." Remember, also, that the conflict is short; the race will speedily be accomplished.

UNITARIANISM AND THE "SPIRITUAL DESTITUTION" COMMITTEE.

(FROM THE INQUIRER.)

THE bulky blue-book which has been issued during the week, containing the evidence heard before the select committee of the House of Lords, which has been inquiring nearly the whole session into the causes of the "spiritual destitution" of the country, contains the following passages:

The Rev. J. Colbourne, incumbent of St. Matthew's, Bethnal-green, examined by the Bishop of Exeter.—Are there many Dissenting places of worship in your district?—No, none worth speaking of, except a Unitarian chapel, which is rather influential, I am sorry to say.

How large is that chapel?—Not of any great extent; but it is very liberally supported by some wealthy individual, that they draw, I think, a considerable number.

This support is external, is it not?—Quite so.

How large is the chapel?—I was never inside.

You do not know the actual extent of mischief that this chapel does?—I cannot tell.

You cannot even well guess?—No; they have a school of considerable size.

The contributions are not made in your parish, so that it must be supported by some opulent persons at a distance?—I know that it is supported most liberally by some wealthy person at the West-end.

Is that a common thing in Bethnal-green and in other parishes?—I am not aware of any other chapel similarly circumstanced.

From the external appearance of this chapel should you call it large or small?—Small as compared with our churches.

Could you give a guess as to the capacity of that chapel?—No, I cannot. I never was inside.

Will it hold 200?—I cannot guess.

Do you find that the people of your own parish go much to that place?—Not the people; I find a great number of children going to their schools. There is a very large infant school.

Has their school any influence?—I think not to any extent.

You do not think this place is attended as a place of worship by many of your

own people?—No; they have a great deal of temporal relief, which is administered in the winter time.

You apprehend that there is a great deal of temporal relief from an external quarter brought to bear in aid of that chapel?—Yes.

Is there anything that you apprehend of a proselytizing character in this institution, and that contributing to the relief of the people in distressing times is a large means of procuring their attendance?—I do not know the extent of the attendance. I know that they distribute a great deal of temporal relief, and that they have a large number of little children in the school.

You think that that is a great detriment, do you not?—It is such a fatal form of error that one regrets even the smallest form of effort.

Does it really operate upon your ministrations?—No; it is quite at the extreme point of the parish; but I very much regret it.

Are you ever sent for to minister to the sick who attend this place?—No.

You do not think that there are many who consider themselves attached to it?—Many have not come under my notice.

The Bishop of Ripon.—You have mentioned the Unitarian Chapel; do you know whether the minister of that chapel resides in the district?—I do not know.

The members of the committee present during the above examination were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord President, the Duke of Northumberland, the Earl of Chichester, Viscount Eversley, the Bishops of St. Davids and of Ripon, Lord Calthorpe, Lord Ravensworth, and Lord Stanley of Alderley.

The subject of Unitarian effort was again brought before the Committee in the examination of the Rev. J. Rushton, D.D., Archdeacon of Manchester. We extract the following from the printed minutes of evidence:—

LORD CALTHORPE: Are Unitarians very numerous in Manchester? They are rather numerous; they are a respectable and rich body of people.

They are chiefly among the educated class, are they not?—Yes.

LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY: They are almost all composed of manufacturers and

rich shopkeepers, are they not? There are very few Unitarians among the operatives? No, very few. I do not think the Unitarians, as a body, are great proselytizers. They are a peaceable and respectable body of men.

Are not the Unitarians generally a very superior and well-educated class? I think they are.

We may add, that the Bishop of Exeter was in the chair during Archdeacon Rushton's examination, but his lordship does not appear to have interposed with any remark

POOR JAY JONES.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

MISS TAYLOR left her large and interesting group of pupils in the schoolhouse and yard, and went to spend the hour of recess with a kind friend.

She was an intelligent and pious young lady, who loved good children very much, and was ever interested in knowing their trials and joys, and in hearing their wonderful exploits. And so each one believed that she was especially his friend.

Recess past, she was returning to the school-room, when, as usual, almost all the scholars ran forward to meet her. Foremost among a group of some dozen boys stood Allen Blair, a fine, manly boy of eleven, holding in his hand a beautiful and costly toy.

"See here! Miss Taylor, what a grand bargain I have made to-day! Jay Jones gave me this beautiful toy for an apple. An apple, only think! and thanked me, besides!"

Miss Taylor looked rather sorrowfully, first at Allen, then at the poor little cripple, Jay Jones, who, with pale, sallow face, and hunch back, stood leaning on his crutches, with his eyes fixed imploringly upon the teacher, as if he would beg for the kind words and sweet caress his more nimble companions had rushed forward to obtain.

"Allen," said she reproachfully, "I would be ashamed to take anything for an apple from that poor boy."

"Children, come into the school-room, and I will tell you about him."

Eager for the story, they were soon in their places; and Miss Taylor began:

"Jay Jones has no father nor mother

to take care of him. In infancy he was abused and neglected. Now he is a poor little town pauper, his back badly bent, obliged to go on crutches, pale and ill. How easy it is for you who are well, and have plenty of good food, to do without an apple! But the kind woman who takes care of little Jay has no orchard, and she cannot afford to buy apples for him. He is often sick and faint, and cannot eat his meals. How delicious, then, to him appeared that rare, ripe apple—so tempting to his faint and fevered lips, that he gladly gave for it the toy that was kindly given him by a pitying friend to cheer his lonely hours, when he is too ill to come to school."

"Miss Taylor," said Allen, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bring Jay every ripe apple I can find in our orchard to-morrow. I know mother will let me—and I'll give him back the toy. Here, Jay, I'm sorry I took it—but I didn't think."

"I'll bring him some, too," said another voice. "And I—and I," said many more.

"That's right," said Miss Taylor, "be kind to little Jay while he is with you—you will not have him long."

The next day Miss Taylor's desk was covered with apples for little Jay; and all summer he had all the apples he wished, and many other presents, till he began to think his schoolmates were like dear little brothers and sisters. But he grew weaker and weaker, till he could no longer leave his bed. And carefully nursed and tended by pitying neighbours, little Jay passed down the stream of death. And when autumn strewed the ground with showers of rainbow leaves, and golden fruit in luxurious abundance was seen on every hand, a train of beautiful boys in black clothes and snowy white collars, followed by little girls with hands full of flowers, and the beloved teacher, and the kind villagers, gathered around an open grave in the church-yard. The farewell song floated on the air, the autumnal flowers almost covered the coffin, and with noiseless steps the procession moved away. Are those noble boys, with their manly tears, those gentle girls and compassionate villagers, sorry that they have sweetened with Christian kindness the cup of suffering which that poor lone boy was compelled to drink?

I think not.—*Mother's Journal.*

THE USE OF TOBACCO.

"One half of all the deaths between *eighteen* and *thirty-five*, in Germany, arise from smoking; and in the United States of America, twenty thousand deaths are caused every year by tobacco. And how many in Great Britain? Alas! too many."

WERE it possible for a being who had resided upon our globe to visit the inhabitants of a planet where reason governed, and to tell them that a vile weed was in general use among the inhabitants of the globe it had left, which afforded no nourishment; that this weed was cultivated with immense care; that it was an important article of commerce; that the want of it produced real misery; nauseous; that it was unfriendly to health and morals; and that its use was attended with a considerable loss of time and property,—the account would be thought incredible, and the author of it would probably be excluded from society for relating a story of so improbable a nature. In no one view is it possible to contemplate the creature man in a more absurd and ridiculous light than in his attachment to TOBACCO.

The progress of habit in the use of tobacco is exactly the same as in the use of spirituous liquors. The slaves of it begin by using it only after dinner; then, during the whole afternoon and evening; afterwards before dinner, then, before breakfast, and finally, during the whole night. I knew a lady who had passed through all these stages, who used to wake regularly two or three times every night to compose her system with fresh doses of snuff.

The appetite for tobacco is wholly artificial. No person was born with a relish for it; even in those persons who are much attached to it, nature frequently recovers her disrelish to it.—It ceases to be agreeable in every febrile indisposition.

This is so invariably true, that a disrelish to it is often a sign of an approaching, and a return of the appetite for it, a sign of a departing fever. I proceed now to mention some of the influences of the habitual use of tobacco upon morals.

1. One of the usual effects of smoking and chewing is thirst. This thirst cannot be allayed by water, for no sedative or even insipid liquor will be relished after the mouth and throat have been exposed to the stimulus of the smoke or juice of tobacco. A desire, of course, is excited

for strong drinks, and these when taken between meals, soon lead to intemperance and drunkenness.

2. The use of tobacco, more especially in smoking, disposes to idleness, and idleness has been considered as the root of all evil. "An idle man's brains," says the celebrated and original Mr. Bunyan, "is the devil's workshop."

3. The use of tobacco is necessarily connected with the neglect of cleanliness.

4. Tobacco more especially when used in smoking, is generally *offensive* to those people who do not use it. To smoke in company, under such circumstances, is a breach of good manners; now, manners have an influence upon morals. They may be considered as the outposts of virtue. A habit of offending the senses of friends or strangers by the use of tobacco cannot, therefore, be indulged with innocence. It produces a want of respect for our fellow-creatures, and this always disposes to unkind and unjust behaviour towards them.—Who ever knew a rude man completely or uniformly moral?

In reviewing the account that has been given of the disagreeable and mischievous effects of tobacco, we are led to inquire, what are its uses upon our globe, for we are assured that nothing exists in vain. Poison is a relative term, and the most noxious plants have been discovered to afford sustenance to certain animals. But what animal besides man will take tobacco into its mouth? Horses, cows, sheep, cats, dogs, and even hogs, refuse to taste it. Flies, mosquitos, and the moth are chased from our clothes by the smell of it. But let us not arraign the wisdom and economy of nature in the production of this plant. Modern travellers have at last discovered that it constitutes the food of a solitary and filthy wild beast, well known in the deserts of Africa, by the name of the ROCK GOAT.

I shall conclude these observations by relating an anecdote of the late Dr. Franklin. A few months before his death, he declared to one of his friends that he had never used tobacco in any way in the course of his long life, and that he was disposed to believe there was not much advantage to be derived from it, for that he had never met with a man who used it who advised him to follow his example.

—Benjamin Rush.

FIVE HUNDRED SCRIPTURAL ARGUMENTS FOR CHRISTIAN UNITARIANISM.

"I will show thee that which is noted in the Scripture of truth."—Daniel, 10th ch., 21 v.

"For we are not as many, which corrupt the word of God; but as of sincerity, but as of God, in the sight of God speak we of Christ."—2nd Corin. 2nd ch., 17th v.

SUNDRY DOCTRINES OF CHRISTIAN UNITARIANISM.

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

The doctrine of righteous rewards and punishments, and that there is no escape from the just judgment of God, is clearly taught in the Scriptures, and most firmly believed in by us.

"Then hear thou from heaven, and do, and judge thy servants, by requiting the wicked, by recompensing his way upon his head; and by justifying the righteous, by giving him according to his righteousness."—2 Chron. vi, 23.

"And he shall judge the world in righteousness, he shall minister judgment to the people in uprightness."—Ps. ix, 8.

"Before the Lord: for he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth: he shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth."—Ps. xcvi, 13.

"The righteousness of the upright shall deliver them: but transgressors shall be taken in their own naughtiness."—Prov. xi, 6.

"And that servant which knew his Lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not and did commit things worthy of stripes shall be beaten with few stripes."—Luke xii, 47, 48.

"Who will render to every man according to his deeds."—Rom. ii, 6.

"We are sure that the judgement of God is according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."—2 Cor. v, 10.

"Now he that planteth, and he that watereth are one: and every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour."—1 Cor. iii, 8.

"Knowing whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free."—Eph. vi, 8.

"But he that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done: and there is no respect of persons."—Col. iii, 25.

"And behold I come quickly and my reward is with me, to give every man as his work shall be."—Rev. xxi, 12.

DIVINE GOODNESS IN PUNISHMENT.

We believe the punishment of sin arises from divine goodness, as much as the reward of righteousness. We do not believe in mere vindictive punishment. The following passages express our views.

"Thou shalt also consider in thine heart, that, as a man chasteneth his son, so the Lord thy God chasteneth thee."—Deut. viii, 5.

"I will be his father, and he shall be my son. If he commit iniquity I will chasten him with the rod of men, and with the stripes of the children of men; but my mercy shall not depart away from him."—2 Sam. vii, 14.

"Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth: therefore despise thou not the chastening of the Almighty."—Job v, 17.

"Then will I visit their transgressions with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes. Nevertheless my loving kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail."—Ps. lxxxix, 32, 33.

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes."—Ps. cxix, 71.

"For our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—2 Cor. iv, 17.

"My son despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of his correction: for whom the Lord loveth he correcteth; even as a father the Son in whom he delighteth."—Prov. iii, 11, 12.

"For though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies; for he doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men."—Sam. iii, 32, 33.

"For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he, whom the father chasteneth not?"—Heb. xii, 6, 7.

"I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me."—Ps. cxix, 75.

CONDITIONS OF FORGIVENESS AND MERCY.

The scriptural doctrine of forgiveness, is not that the punishment due to sin is remitted, but on repentance or change of life we are restored to God's favour and in a condition to enjoy his love. How foreign is the popular view of faith in vicarious suffering, to the plain words of scripture on this subject.

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."—Isa. lv, 7.

"Therefore turn thou to thy God: keep mercy and judgment, and wait on thy God continually."—Hosea xii, 6.

"He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy."—Prov. xxviii, 13.

"John did baptize in the wilderness and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins."—Mark i, 4.

"If the wicked turn from his wickedness, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall live thereby."—Ezek. xxxiii, 19.

"Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow. Come now and let us reason together saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool."—Isa. i, 16, 17.

"Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven."—Luke vi, 37.

"With the merciful thou wilt shew thyself merciful."—Ps. xviii, 25.

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."—Matt. v, 7.

"If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly father will also forgive you: But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."—Matt. vi, 14, 15.

GOODNESS OF CREATION.

Unitarians believe that God made all things, and made them very good : that the scriptures do not cease to testify after Adam sinned of the goodness of creation, also that infancy is pure from the hands of God, and that man is still made in the image of God.

"And God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good."—Gen. i, 31.

"O Lord, how manifold are thy works ! in wisdom hast thou made them all : the earth is full of thy riches."—Ps. civ, 24.

"And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts : the whole earth is full of his glory."—Isa. vi, 3.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof ; the world, and they that dwell therein."—Ps. xxiv, 1.

"The Lord by wisdom hath founded the earth ; by understanding hath he established the heavens."—Prov. iii, 24.

"For every house is builded by some man, but he that built all things is God."—Heb. iii, 4.

"He left not himself without witness in that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons filling our hearts with food and gladness."—Acts xiv, 17.

"The invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead."—Rom. i, 20.

"Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens ; and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds : thy righteousness is like the great mountains ; thy judgments are a great deep : O Lord thou pre-servest man and beast."—Ps. xxxiv, 5, 6.

PURITY OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

There is nothing in the Gospels, not one word, to favour the doctrine of the corruptness of infancy, and that little children "are heirs of hell and children of the devil." Read the words of Jesus.

"And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them : and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not : for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."—Mark x, 13-16.

"Verily I say unto you whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God, as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein."—Luke xviii, 17.

"In malice be ye children, but in understanding be men."—1 Cor. xiv, 20.

"And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them. And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. 18, 2-4.

GOD OUR FATHER, AND MAN IN THE IMAGE OF GOD.

The following passages clearly show the fall of Adam did not destroy the moral nature of man.

"Doubtless thou art our Father though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not : thou, O Lord, art our Father."—Isa. lxiii, 16.

"Know ye that the Lord he is God : it is he that hath made us and not we ourselves."—Ps. c, 3.

"But there is a spirit in man ; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding."—Job xxxii, 8.

"The spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life."—Job xxxiii, 4.

"When the Gentiles which have not the law do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves ; which shew the work of the law written in their hearts ; their conscience also bearing witness ; and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another."—Rom. ii, 14, 15.

"Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright ; but they have sought out many inventions."—Eccle. vii, 29.

"So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he man ; male and female created he them."—Gen. i, 27.

"Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God."—Acts xvii, 29.

"For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels and crowned him with glory and honour."—Ps. viii, 5.

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed : for in the image of God made he man."—Gen. ix, 6.

"For a man indeed ought not to cover his head, forasmuch as he is the image and glory of God."—1 Cor. xi, 7.

Therewith bless we God, even the Father ; and therewith curse we man, which are made after the similitude of God."—James iii, 9.

THE RIGHT AND DUTY OF PRIVATE JUDGEMENT ; AND AGAINST HARSH JUDGEMENT OF OTHERS.

However much others differ from us, we hold they have a perfect right to individual freedom of judgment. We claim the same right for ourselves.

"Prove all things ; hold fast that which is good."—1 Thess. v, 21.

Yea, and why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right."—Luke xii, 57.

"These (of Berea) were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the scriptures daily, whether those things were so."—Acts xvii, 11.

"Beloved believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God : because many false prophets are gone out into the world."—1 Jn. iv, 1.

"Judge not according to the appearance but judge righteous judgement."—John vii, 24.

"Let us not therefore judge one another any more : but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or any occasion to fall in his brother's way."—Rom. xiv, 13.

"Judge not and ye shall not be judged ; condemn not and ye shall not be condemned."—Luke vi, 37.

"There is one lawgiver, who is able to save and to destroy : who art thou that judgest another."—James iv, 12.

EVERY ONE SHALL BEAR HIS OWN SIN.

There is nothing more clearly taught in Scripture than this, that we must bear, each and all, the penalty of our sin.

"The soul that sinneth, it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son : the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him."—Ezek. xviii, 20.

"For every man shall bear his own burden."—Gal. vi, 5.

"The fathers shall not be put to death for the children, nor the children put to death for the fathers; but every man shall be put to death for his own sin."—2 Kings xiv, 6.

"Behold, all souls are mine; as the soul of the fathers, so also the soul of the son is mine: the soul that sinneth it shall die."—Ezek. xvii, 4.

"So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God."—Rom. xiv, 12.

WORK OUT YOUR OWN SALVATION.

No vicarious suffering, or vicarious salvation, is the Gospel plan of redemption.

"Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure."—Phil. ii, 12.

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; but he that doeth the will of my father which is in heaven."—Matt. vii, 21.

"Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall."—2 Pet. i, 10.

"For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified."—Rom. ii, 13.

"But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."—James i, 22.

"Let us labour, therefore, to enter into that rest."—Heb. iv, 11.

LOVE NOT FEAR. SALVATION NOT CONDEMNATION. JOY NOT SORROW THE SPIRIT OF RELIGION.

These are among the most pleasing features of the Christian religion, and the entire volume of Scripture testifies against the spirit of sorrow and gloom being the spirit of religion. They are only the spirit of false doctrines.

"For God hath not given to us the spirit of fear: but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."—2 Timothy i, 7.

"There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love."—1 Jn. iv, 18.

"If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us."—1 Jn. iv, 12.

"For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba Father."—Rom. vii, 15.

"For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them."—Luke ix, 56.

"And if any man hear my words, and believe not: for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world."—Jn. xii, 47.

"For God hath not appointed us to wrath but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Thess. v, 9.

"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ for it is the power of God unto salvation."—Rom. i, 16.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation."—Isa. lii, 7.

"Because thou servest not the Lord thy God with joyfulness, and with gladness of heart, for the abundance of all things; therefore shalt thou serve thine enemies."—Deut. xxviii, 47.

"Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me: and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I shew the salvation of God."—Ps. l, 23.

"Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing."—Ps. c, 2.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say rejoice."—Phil. iv, 4.

GOOD NEWS FROM INDIA.

Our news from India is not of the triumph of British power, but of the diffusion of Christian truth; however much we may rejoice to hear of rebellion quelled, we do not glory in war after the flesh; "for the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ: our news from India is the cheering Report of our Missionary there, who speaks more hopefully than ever he did of the prospects of success in the good work to which he has devoted his life. "The Rebellion," says Mr. Dall, like a fire that has swept over the worst portion of a City, has cleared the ground for better building and more orderly arrangement. Christian Missionaries of every sect now enter afresh upon their work; then which, a greater is not attempted on earth, the work of Gospelizing two hundred millions of men;—the elevation to their true position on earth and in heaven, of the least favoured, by the most favoured portion of the human race. This magnificent enterprise, under the smile of God, now proceeds more wisely than ever: and with steadier energy to a surer success."

The Report shows the sympathy of many in various parts of the world for our mission there, and the number of inquiries after religious truth and Christian doctrines at the Mission-rooms, in Calcutta, is cheering. "The mission," says Mr. Dall, "has taken root more deeply than ever, in the native mind; and brought us thence more of sympathy and active co-operation than heretofore. July, 1857, found us losing no ground that we had previously occupied, and up to January, 1858, we are as full of hope as ever. Notwithstanding the din of war around us, we have obtained help of God, and gone steadily on with a wide circle of correspondence; with public and social worship on Sunday; with week day lectures, addresses, and conversations; with keeping up of religious, unsectarian instruction in several schools; circulating Unitarian Books and Tracts; printing fresh discourses month by month; exploring the needs of distant places as far as possible; charitably studying and seeking to forward the work of other Christian Missionaries; not forgetting the Hindoo Unitarians, or "Vedantists," writing home to the American Unitarian Association by every Overland Mail; giving counsel, and books, and monied help to the Church in Madras; and preaching to all the pardoning and regenerating Gospel of God the Father, the One only living and true God; as declared to the world by the Son of God, Jesus Christ." Meantime we have heard from the brethren of our own free, simple, and holy faith in Great Britain, and received substantial aid at their hands. . . . Other letters, amounting to some hundreds, have reached us from disciples and co-labourers in various parts of India. All these have been answered.—The *Temperance Movement* here is still in progress. "Young Bengal, whom none has surpassed in generous efforts to improve and educate the youth of his own land, says of us: 'Though differing from us in religion, believes that no single mission is doing for his people more practical good than ours.'

The list of the subjects of the Sunday evening discourses is given in the report, they embrace the most practical and useful in doctrine that could have been chosen, and cannot fail to produce good fruit. The number of Books and Tracts circulated

last year is about 7,000. The last papers, so kindly sent us from the Mission at Calcutta, contained the following clever Tract on Jesus Christ as the sent of God. As this is a specimen of the happy way our Indian friends have of spreading Unitarianism in and about Calcutta, our readers may be glad to read the tract in full. It is headed "LETTERS FROM BURMAH No. 1." *A Dialogue between Charles and Cecelia, his sister whom he loves, in the Truth.*

CHARLES:—Sister, I have just received a book from a dear brother in Calcutta, whom I have never seen, and I cannot help continually thinking of and in my heart thanking the Messenger who brought it to me.

CECELIA:—I should think you ought rather to think of the Brother who sent it, and thank him for it.

CH.—Why so, my sister? I should never have had it, if he, or some other person had not brought it to me.

CE.—And, on the other hand, the messenger would not have brought it, had he not been sent with it.

CH.—True? and yet I maintain that the messenger is the cause of my gaining possession of the Book.

CE.—But, dear brother, do you not see that although he is an agent, he is but *one* cause, he is not the first cause; the primary and original cause,—of your getting the Book.

CH.—Do you mean to say, then, that no thanks are due to the person who brought it to me?

CE.—Oh, no. You must feel grateful to him for the trouble he took on your account, although he was commissioned by another, and of course rewarded also.

CH.—Why, yes; that is true: and he had to undergo great hardships: he met with great opposition on the way, even from his own family: and, don't be alarmed sister, when I tell you that he lost his life in the struggle to place the book where I could lay my hand on it.

CE.—Lost his life! And did your brother, who sent you the book, know that the messenger would have much to contend with in conveying the book to you?

CH.—Sister, he knew it all; he had even foretold to many friends that the person whom he had selected for the errand would lose his life in performing it.

CE.—Strange:—Was the messenger an enemy to your Brother that he should send him on an errand which he knew would cost him his life?

CH.—Oh sister! how shall I tell it you? It was the son of his own soul;—the first begotten of his own spirit;—his well beloved son; the one in whom his heart delighted.

CE.—Why then permit him to go where he would lose his life?

CH.—Ah! sister, it is this that breaks my heart. It was because He loved me too as a son, though a wicked wanderer from my Father's house,—it was because He had sent many things to me before, "at sundry times and divers manners," but I did not receive them, that my Father spared not His only faithful son, but freely 'gave him up' to his own high determination—even to die for me.

CE.—And yet you speak as though the messenger

alone had done anything for you:—but I begin to suspect, Brother, that you have something more than an ordinary Book, and some other person in your mind than your Brother in Calcutta.

CH.—Yes, Dear sister:—I was thinking of Our Heavenly Father, and of His dear son Jesus Christ, whom he has sent to us. You, as a Trinitarian, must necessarily rob the Father,—to give the Son Supreme Worship,—Adoration,—praise and gratitude. On your own principles (regarding the Book) God is the Primary, the original cause of our salvation. My Heavenly Father, whom I have not seen, and "whom no man hath seen at any time," sent me His son Jesus with his wisdom, his word. In these last times there has appeared unto us His son, who came, spiritually, from God—i.e. from Heaven;—for which salvation we should continually worship and adore the Father as the originator, and feel and show the highest gratitude and reverence to the son as a messenger from His Father and our Father. If the Father had not sent it, and if the Son, or some other appointed messenger, had not brought it, we never should have had the New Testament. The more we contemplate what our Blessed Redeemer, Jesus, passed through, and consider how, at last, he submissively yielded up his life rather than hold back "the words which the Father gave him to speak," the more will our gratitude abound.

CE.—Yes, Charles; and I begin now to see that God,—perceiving beforehand all that Jesus would have to suffer in making known His great love to man,—the Father, I say, must have loved us indeed—not to spare from the agonies of crucifixion, even Jesus, His best beloved because his noblest child, even when he said, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

CH.—Now then, can you see wherein Christians err in giving to Jesus that worship which is due to the Father only?

CE.—Yes; but "He that honours the son honours the Father also."

CH.—Dear sister I am not talking of honour, I am talking of supreme worship. You are told to "Honour all men;" and, rest assured that he that honours *you* because you are Christ's disciple, honours Christ also; and, as you said, he that honours the Christ, honours the Father, also. "He that receiveth you" (said Jesus to his disciples) "receiveth me." But, did you ever find it written,—He that *worships* the son worships the Father also? No! In vain will you look to find precept or example for worshipping the Son, except as Cornelius worshiped Peter, i.e. did him lowly reverence.

CE.—Well, I confess there appears to be truth in what you say; and I shall certainly search the scriptures afresh to see "whether these things be so."

CH.—This is all that I, as a Unitarian, will ask of you, search; compare scripture with scripture; only be sure and give the Christ the pre-eminence. Take his words first, and then come to Paul and Peter; or to any other servant of his; and let the Christ of God be true, though all and every man should be made thereby to appear a liar.

CE.—Why do you say the Christ, and not simply Christ?

CH.—I will tell you next time we converse—Good Bye, dear Sister; may God help you to judge truly of "the simplicity which is in Christ."

Thayet-myo Burmah,
26th February, 1858.

MY LAMBS.

I love them so,
That when the elder Shepherd of the fold
Came covered with the storm, and pale and cold,
And begged for one of my sweet lambs to hold,
I bade him go,

He claimed the pet ;
A little fondling thing, that to my breast
Clung always, either in quiet or unrest ;
I thought of all my lambs I loved him best,
And yet—and yet—

I laid him down,
In those white, shrouded arms, with bitter tears !
For some voice told me that in after years
He should know nought of passion, grief or fears,
As I had known.

And yet again
That elder Shepherd came ; my heart grew faint ;
He claimed another lamb with a sadder plaint—
Another ! She who, gentle as a saint,
Ne'er gave me pain.

Aghast, I turned away.
There sat she, lovely as an angel's dream,
Her golden looks with sunlight all a gleam,
Her holy eyes with heaven in their beam :
I knelt to pray.

Is it thy will,
My Father, say, *must* this pet lamb be given ?
Oh ! thou hast many such, dear Lord, in heaven,
And a soft voice said, " Nobly hast thou striven,
But—peace, be still."

Oh ! how I wept !
And clasped her to my bosom with a wild
And yearning love—my lamb, my pleasant child :
Her, too, I gave—the little angel smiled,
And slept.

" Go ! go ! " I cried,
For once again that Shepherd laid his hand
Upon the noblest of our household band :
Like a pale spectre, there he took his stand,
Close to his side.

And yet how wondrous sweet
The look with which he heard my passionate cry,
" Touch not my lamb—for him, oh, let me die ! "
" A little while, he said with smile and sigh,
Again to meet."

Hopeless I fell ;
And when I rose, the light had burned so slow,
So faint, I could not see my darling go,
He had not bidden me farewell : but, oh !
I felt farewell,—

More deeply far
Than if my arms had compassed that slight frame ;
Though could I have heard him call my name,
" Dear mother"—but in heaven 'twill be the same ;
There burns my star !

He will not take
Another lamb, I thought ; for only one
Of the dear fold is spared to be my sun,
My guide, my mourner when this life is done ;
My heart would break.

Oh ! with what thrill
I heard him enter ; but I did not know
(For it was dark) that he had robbed me so,
The idol of my soul—he could not go—
Oh, heart, be still !

Come morning ; can I tell
How this poor frame its sorrowful tenant kept ?
For waking tears were mine ; I sleeping wept.
And days, months, years, that weary vigil kept.
Alas ! " farewell"—

How often it is said !
I sit and think, and wonder, too, sometimes,
How it will seem when, in that happier clime,
It never will ring out like funeral chime
Over the dead.

No tears ! no tears !
Will there a day come that I shall not weep ?
For I bedew my pillow in my sleep.
Yes, yes, thank God ! no grief that clime shall keep—
No weary years.

Ay ! it is well :
Well with my lambs, and with their earthly guide ;
Their pleasant rivers wander they beside,
Or strike sweet harps upon its silver tide—
Ay ! it is well.

Through the dreary day
They often come from glorious light to me ;
I cannot feel their touch, their faces see,
Yet my soul whispers they do come to me :
Heaven is not far away.

NOTICE—Letters, &c., for the Editor, to be
addressed to ROBERT SPEARS, STOCKTON-
ON-TEES.

Printed by J. WILLIAMS, 129, High Street, Sunderland.